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Some men seem to think that they can only make a success of life by keeping a "lifter" in their pockets.

The Persia was probably sunk by an explosion of her boilers, but of course there must have been a German bomb in the boiler.

Two hundred and forty thousand steel workers have just been given an increase in wages, and every dollar of the increase has a blood splotch on it.

Nation-wide prohibition cannot be staved off much longer. The same pressure of public feeling that is making the states dry will force Congress to act.

Champ Clark refuses to become the "savior" of the Missouri Democracy. We have the notion that Champ feels he is going to have his hands full saving himself.

President Wilson has one sort of policy for Mexico and another for Hayti. In the latter case there is no watchful waiting, the Haytians are shot up as soon as they start revolting.

The Democrats of the south would vote for Wilson again if he is nominated from force of habit, but as to supporting his policies, why, they will wait their ballots with their fingers crossed.

Now that England has stationed her officials at American ports to regulate our foreign commerce, who knows but what we will also soon have her taxgatherers over here to make us help pay her cost of the war.

We are urged to stand by Wilson so as not to embarrass him in pursuing his policies. That would be all right were it not for the fact that Mr. Wilson's policies are often embarrassing for the American people.

The state treasury is said to have enough money for immediate expenses just now, with the taxes for the past year rolling in, but there is every indication that the deficit at the end of 1916 is going to be a million dollars or more. Turn the rascals out.

Jim Houchlin, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, is making the race on a personal platform promising to put the state government on a business basis by cutting out a lot of useless offices and other graft. Needless to say, his candidacy is not regarded with high favor by the politicians of the party.

The cry is going up from the Missouri Democracy that the state must be "saved" at the next election. Coming from a party that is in complete control of the state government, this sounds somewhat strange. If the state really requires saving it must be threatened by some danger. This danger, as the Democrats apparently view it, is that the Republican party is liable to win at the next general election and take the offices away from our Democratic friends. Look more like a case of saving the Democratic party than rescuing the state, doesn't it? To the judicial onlooker it must appear that if the state government under Democratic rule were satisfactory to the people of the community there would really be no call to do any "saving."

The textile-cloth industry in this country is seriously hampered by the lack of dye stuff, for which it was dependent on the dye factories of Germany. Germany has put an embargo on dyes as a measure of retaliation against our supplying her enemies with munitions of war. In this situation our government favors the munition industry against the textile industry. The general American public has no interest in the shell industry, at all the people here are concerned in conditions that affect the supply of cloth, for clothes are necessary to our comfort and decency. If our government had

the real interest of the people at heart it would raise the German embargo on dyes by putting an embargo on American war supplies.

If the preparedness program is left to those who are so enthusiastically boosting the proposition—and these are principally the fellows who expect to make big money from supplying the equipment and munitions—we would rush into "militarism" with a vengeance. The average citizen of fair intelligence wants to see the country prepared to defend itself against attack by a foreign enemy, but he cannot conceive the idea that we must be prepared to stand off all the great world powers combined. It has been said that our attitude towards the war in Europe has left the United States without a single friend among the big powers, but whether this is true or not, there is not the remotest probability that as soon as these nations get their present difficulties adjusted they are immediately going to join hands in an attack upon this country. The settlement of the war will leave the foreign powers with the same jealousies and distrust of each other that possessed them before the war was begun, and that is going to keep them busy enough guarding against each other, and will leave them little appetite for coming over here to eat us up. There is always big excitement when a house is afire, even if it isn't our own house, and at present we are simply worked up over viewing the conflagration in Europe. When the fire over there has burnt itself out, we will return to our normal condition, prepare within reason to protect our own premises and seek to live in peace and harmony with the rest of the world. And the people will not kick on paying a reasonable premium for a fair measure of protection.

HAND IN HAND.

Bread Line Will Start Tomorrow.—New York Sun headline. One of the things that go hand in hand with a Democratic administration.—The Censor, St. Louis.

That Portending Deficit.

"The Deficit in the general fund of the treasury on the 30th of June, 1917, will be nearly \$235,000,000," admitted Mr. Wilson in his message to Congress, adding significantly, "the total deficit will be some \$297,000,000." Coming from the Free Trade prosperity-perceiving President, these words form a fitting companion piece to his next utterance to Congress that "the obvious moral of these figures is that it is a plain counsel of prudence to continue all of the present taxes or their equivalents and confine themselves to the problems of providing \$112,000,000 of new revenue"—by more onerous taxation, we presume. How do you like the outlook, Mr. Free Trader?—American Economist.

How to Keep Young.

From Pearson's. The best way to keep young is to associate, as far as possible, with everything and everybody that is new and young. Both men and women get old by sticking to old ways, thinking old thoughts and always looking back on the past.

Look ahead if you want to keep young. Youth always thinks of what it is going to do in the future, and forgets the failures of the past. It is not the goateed men who age rapidly; it is the men who stick in old ruts and follow out long established rules and methods. Constant change and variety may be said to form one of the great secrets of youthfulness.

A woman should make a point of getting out as much as possible. Many people have said that the number of good looking girls has tremendously increased since the war began. It is because more and more are being employed, and get the change of scene and variety which is so necessary.

Belgium and Greece.

The Entente powers have now established themselves at Salonica, and are in full control of that port, as also of the railroad leading northward, and the adjacent territory. Dispatches printed December 16 gave a graphic account of the marching of Greek regiments away from the famous seaport and military camp that Greece had recently acquired with so much of national pride and satisfaction. King Constantine has learned a lesson from the experience of King Albert of Belgium. He does not propose to make fruitless resistance, and invite the devastation of his country. But he wishes the world to know that what the Germans proposed to do in Belgium—namely, to march across the country and lay for any incidental damage, is precisely what the opponents of Germany have now undertaken to do in Greece. Germany proposed to invade the enemy's country by way of Belgium and to keep open a line of retreat. The Entente powers have actually invaded the enemy's country by way of Greek territory, and have not only used Greece for safe retreat, but have demanded that Greece supply her military power to protect them against Teuton and Bulgarian pursuers, while partly demobilizing.

This is farther than Germany ever thought of going in Belgium. Surely it had never crossed the phlegmatic German mind that Belgium could not only be invited to allow German troops to use Belgian railroads and highways to reach France, but could also be required, in case Germans had to retreat from France, to fight France in support of their neutrality in case French soldiers should try to follow retreating Germans across the Belgian frontier. Yet this is the situation that existed in Greece last month. A great Anglo-French expeditionary army was driven back upon Greek territory. These forces had demanded that Greece should afford them safe shelter, and it was expected that Greece would use her own army to oppose the violation of Greek neutrality by Belgians or Germans in pursuit of the Anglo-French. It remains to be seen whether Salonica, as a military and naval base, is worth enough to England and France to justify them in the sacrifice of the principles of international law and right involved in the attack on Greek sovereignty and neutrality.—Review of Reviews for January.

Old Substitute For a Tariff.

In the portion made public yesterday of his annual report Mr. Redfield, the Secretary of Commerce, predicts that after the war a great effort will be made by foreign countries to recover lost commerce.

He asserts that "the outreach of American industries, nay, their very existence in our land in some cases, will be resisted to the fall." He appears to fear "dumping" of cheap foreign goods in our markets.

Mr. Redfield is far from suggesting the rebuilding of the tariff wall to keep them out. He has an odd and original substitute. He would clothe the Treasury Department and the Department of Justice with power to confiscate foreign merchandise offered here in what they may deem "unfair competition."

More than this, he recommends that it be made unlawful for any person to buy such goods "where the effect is to substantially lessen competition in the production in the United States of such articles." It is enough to make the advocates of a Protective Tariff who were over come by Mr. Redfield and his party split their sides.—New York Herald.

Snow Bound Gardens.

Americans have spent much money to view the floral wonders of the glacial valleys of the Alps. Artists go there to paint these scenes of vivid coloring, yet here in our own western mountains one can see such things in even a grander presentation.

The Interior Department Newspaper Bulletin for January describes the snow bound beauties of Loch Vale, in the Rocky Mountain National Park as follows: "Here grow in late August columbines of size and hue to shame the loveliest of New England's springtime. For in these altitudes August is the Eastern May. Here, all summer blooms at once. Indian paintbrush shades from its most gorgeous red through all degrees to faint green. Astors from lavender to deepest purple group themselves along snow banks. Alpine Sonchets never seen below the highest levels peep from the mosses between the rocks. Here, just over the edge of the rock shelf, like a false so clear that every pebble on its bottom shows in relief. It is really the Lake of Glass.

"Passing on, the vale still rises and at its head, in the very hollow of the precipices, hemmed in by snow and watered from the glaciers, lies the gem of all, Sky Pond. From the boulders on the eastern side you draw a long breath of pleasure, for looking backward, you see far down the vale over the rim of the falls the exquisite habitat rich abiding among its spruces."

The Hands of the Clock.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. The hour hand of the clock seems a ponderous, deliberate fellow compared with his swift going colleague, who sweeps clear round the circuit while he makes his way painfully over five of the minute spaces from one hour point to the next. Yet though one goes over so much farther and faster, again and again the minute hand, for all his speed, is merely overtaking the patient plodder, who, with his stubby finger, is the real time giver. You cannot tell from this gyrating minute man alone what time it is. But from the position of the hour hand in solitude you would very nearly know. Moreover, except for two times in the whole round of the twenty four hours—at noon and at midnight—the minute hand, though he races all the way round the orbit, finds to his dismay that he starts in increasingly in arrears behind the other hand, and must overcome an always lengthening handicap. And what is the use of proudly passing and getting to the goal first, twenty two times out of twenty four, when the victory is only apparent and not real, since both hands tell the same time after all? And the minute hand, the racer, is the useless one. Just so one sees strong, silent men who plod their way, undramatic, serious, while others brandish and flourish like nervous semaphores all round them. The world is depending on those who seem "no painful inch to gain." The useful ones are apparently making no headway at all. The brilliant and superficial run after, overtake and outstrip them easily, again and again. It is the old fable of the hare and the tortoise.

Weeping Trees.

One of the wonders of plant life is the weeping tree of the Canary Islands. It is of the laurel family, and rains down a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. This water is often collected at the foot of the tree and forms a kind of pond, from which the inhabitants of the neighborhood can supply themselves with a beverage that is absolutely fresh and pure. The water comes out of the tree itself through innumerable little pores situated at the margin of the leaves. It issues from the plant as vapor during the daytime, when the heat is sufficiently great to preserve it in that condition; but in the evening, when the temperature has lowered very much, a considerable quantity of it is exuded in the form of liquid drops that collect near the edges of the leaves until those members so bend down that the tears tumble off on the ground below in a veritable shower.

QUALITY TO BE CULTIVATED

Not Altogether a Matter of Curiosity in Asking a Woman if "She is Vain Enough."

That may seem a strange question to ask most women, for, according to the opinions of the other sex, we possess all the vainglorious tendencies of the peacock, and then some; but there are women, and we all know them, who are not vain enough. They really could not care about their personal appearance, or they would not let the wisps of hair float unrestrained about otherwise half-dressed coffins, or noses go shiny when the least dab of powder would remedy matters. It is not so much one's personal appearance that counts, for, after all, such people will tell you that they would rather take the time for improving their souls or their minds, or something equally intangible; but one should remember that one owes a certain amount of visible personal charm to one's neighbors; that even if you do not care whether your hair lies flat and unbecoming on your head, other people get some pleasure out of seeing you with a fluffy, prettily arranged coiffure. Again, there is a psychological effect from well grooming. A good complexion, beautiful hands and nails, becomingly arranged hair, a good, erect figure all set upon one's manners. A wave in the hair will take the kinks out of one's disposition. So cultivate enough vanity to make you always look your best and to emphasize your own good points.

ANTS ON THEIR WEDDING DAY

Time of Turnout and Tragedy for Many of the Small Creatures of the Earth.

A recent epidemic of ants in different parts of the country is really due to the fact that the ants were celebrating their wedding day, remarks the London Times. They were out on their marriage flight and honeymoon.

Generally speaking, there are three kinds of ants in this country—the workers, the winged males, whose life is a short and merry one; and the young queens, who live in charge of the queen mother. In the summer, when the weather is favorable, the winged males and the young queens leave the nest for the marriage flight. The latter race away pursued by the ardent workers, who fall in their thousands to enterprising swallows, missing their way and dropping to rest their tired wings on any object within reach. But the young queen flies on. She is strong of wing, for her husband must be the best of the crowd. The crowd of pursuers dwindle from myriads to thousands, from thousands to hundreds to dozens, until at last only one is left. That was the meaning of the plague of ants. It was the marriage festival, and the winged ants we saw in our gardens were the unlucky crowd of mourners left behind, trying to find their way home. On her return to her new-chosen nest, the queen spends the afternoon chewing off her wings. These are now useless, seeing that she must no more leave the ant-hill. Henceforward she spends her days furiously laying eggs.

ADD TO BEAUTY OF EARTH

Writer's Tribute to the Tree is Worthy of Remembrance Throughout the Ages.

Oh! Don Pepino, old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and covers in its presence—it passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! how many kind hearts have beaten here! its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves together as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure, all-seeing heavens! what smallitudes to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy!—from those who are now earth; they and their shrubs and their coffins. The caper and jig tree have split their monuments, and boys have broken the hazel nut with the fragments. Emblems of past lives and future hopes, severed names which holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road and speak to the passerby in vain.—Walter Savage Landor.

Legend of Belgian Lace-makers. Once upon a time there was a girl, a dark-eyed Venetian girl, who had a lover—an Italian girl had, once upon a time. She was a lace-maker, he was a sailor; and one day when he had just returned from the Indian Seas she showed him the lace she had been making. Thereupon he tossed into her lap a wonderfully delicate piece of coral and told her it was lace the mermaids wove in their caves deep under the sea. And when he had gone again she set herself to weave her bridal veil; and the pattern of the coral she wove. Flimsy seaweed, futed shells, tiny sea-horses and starfish grew under her hand until at last the veil was finished and it was time for her lover to return. This is a real story, so—he came back, and they were married, she in the veil it had pleased her fancy to make. Whether the wedding was a quiet one or not, all Venetian heard of the veil. Queens and princesses sought her out and "point de Venise" became the rage.—Vogue.

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